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A

METRICAL VERSION

OF

PSALMS,

IN VARIOUS MEASURES,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

By a Committee of the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church.

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PREFACE.

THE Committee appointed by the last General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church to prepare a metrical version of the Psalms, agreeably to the instructions given them, have published the following versions, to be laid before the Assembly at its next meeting. They have consulted upwards of twenty versions, either of the whole book of Psalms, or of select parts of it, and have selected and emended such versions of particular Psalms as appeared to possess some poetic excellence, and at the same time to be as faithful translations as the nature of the case would admit. They have selected a large number from two different editions of a metrical version by the Right Rev. Geo. Burgess, D. D., who, in a very kind and Christian spirit, allowed us full liberty to select from his work and to make such alterations as we thought proper. The Rev. John T. Duffield, D. D., in like manner allowed

us the free use of a manuscript version by him, from which some selections have been made. More use would have been made of it, had not our work been nearly completed before it was obtained. The Committee have also made selections from versions by Messrs. Goode, Livingston, Montgomery, Merrick, Reynolds, Tate & Brady, and from manuscripts by Messrs. Murray, Robinson, and others. They have, however, in nearly all cases, made numerous alterations.

The following Psalms are submitted to the Church as specimens of the manner and progress of their work. A more extended report will be presented to the General Assembly.

THOS. BEVERIDGE,
Ch. Com.

THE PSALMS.

Temple.

PSALM I. L. M. 6 lines.

1 How blest the man that doth not stray
Where impious counsel tempts his feet;
Who stands not in the sinner's way,
And sits not in the scorner's seat.
But in God's law he takes delight,
And meditates both day and night.

2 He shall be like the tree that springs
Where streams of water gently glide;
Which plenteous fruit in season brings,
And ever green its leaves abide.
Thus shall prosperity attend
The good man's work till life shall end.

3 Not so ungodly men, for they
Like chaff before the wind are driven;
They shall not stand in God's great day,
Nor mingle with the saints in heaven.
The Lord approves the good man's path,
But sinner's ways shall end in wrath.

Rockingham.

PSALM III. L. M.

1 O Lord, how many are my foes!
What multitudes around me close!
How many of my soul have said,
"His God no more shall be his aid!"

2 But thou my shield and glory, Lord,
Dost lift my head and help afford.
To God I raised my suppliant cry,
He heard and answered from on high.

3 I laid me down and sweetly slept,
I woke, for God my slumbers kept;
Although ten thousand foes draw near,
Their threatening host I will not fear.

4 Arise, O Lord, save me, my God;
My foes are crushed beneath thy rod.
From God doth all salvation flow:
Thy blessing on thy saints bestow.

Uxbridge.

PSALM IV. L. M.

1 Lord, hear me when I cry to thee,
Thy righteousness is all my plea.
Oft hast thou saved in hours of fear,
Again in mercy bow thine ear.

2 How long men's sons reproach my name?
How long my glory turn to shame?
How long vain things will ye devise?
How long will ye seek after lies?

3 Know that the Lord hath set apart
As his delight the upright heart;
And when to him my prayers ascend,
He to my voice will still attend.

4 Stand ye in awe, and flee from sin;
Turn ye your searching thoughts within;
Commune with your own heart by night,
And silence keep before his sight.

5 Come with the offerings of the just,
And make the Lord alone your trust.
While thousands ask some good to see,
Lord, make thy face to shine on me.

6 With gladness thou hast filled my heart,
More than their corn and wine impart.
I lay me down to peaceful sleep,
For thou wilt me in safety keep.

Martyn.

PSALM V. 7s.

1 O Jehovah, hear my words,
And my meditation weigh;
Hear my cry, my King, my God,
For to thee, O Lord, I'll pray.

2 In the morning, Lord, my voice
Thou shalt hear in suppliant cries;
In the morning, Lord, to thee
I will lift my waiting eyes.

3 Thou, Jehovah, art a God
Who in sin can not delight;
Nothing evil dwells with thee,
Nor can fools stand in thy sight.

4 Evil doers thou dost hate,
And destroyed shall liars be;
Men of blood and of deceit
All shall be abhorred by thee.

5 But in thy abundant grace
To thy house will I draw near;
To thy holy temple, Lord,
I will look, and bow in fear.

6 Lead me in thy righteousness;
Evermore my steps maintain;
And because of watchful foes
Make thy way before me plain.

7 In their mouth there is no truth,
All their heart is full of wrong,
Like an open grave their throat,
And they flatter with their tongue

8 Let transgressors be destroyed,
In their sins by thee expelled;
By their counsels let them fall,
For against thee they rebelled.

9 But let all in thee who trust,
Ever glad and joyful be;
Let those loving thee rejoice,
Safely guarded, Lord, by thee.

10 For Jehovah to the just
Will abundant blessings yield;
And with favor compass him
Safely round as with a shield.

Hebron.

PSALM VIII. L. M.

1 O Lord, our Lord, through earth's wide frame
How great, how excellent thy name!
Thy glory all the heaven transcends,
And over all thy works extends.

2 From infants thou hast strength ordained,
And children's lips to praise hast trained;
Thus shall the foe and vengeful band
Be stilled beneath thy mighty hand.

3 When wrapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I trace thy hand-works in the sky,
The moon and stars with lustre crowned,
Which nightly walk their destined round.

4 Lord, what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share!
Or what the son of man, that thou
Thus to his wants thine ear shouldst bow!

5 His rank a while by thy decree
Beneath their own the angels see:
With glory thou didst him surround,
His head with highest honor crowned.

6 Made Lord of all things here below,
All creatures at his feet must bow.
The lowing ox, the bleating fold,
And all wild beasts their lord behold;

7 The fowls of air, all things that glide
Through rivers, lakes, and oceans wide.
O Lord, our Lord, through earth's wide frame
How great, how excellent thy name!

Boylston.

PSALM XIII. S. M.

1 Forgotten, Lord, of thee,
How long shall I complain?
Shall I no more thy mercy see,
But seek thy face in vain?

2 How long shall anxious cares,
My doubtful mind employ?
How long while grief my heart impairs
Shall foes exult with joy?

3 O Lord, incline thine ear,
Receive my suppliant breath,
Lighten mine eyes, lest darkness near,
I sleep the sleep of death.

4 How will my foes rejoice,
And glory to prevail,
If, midst their persecuting voice,
My troubled spirit fail?

5 I on thy mercy rest,
In thy salvation joy;
My soul, by him so largely blest,
His praises shall employ.

Ward.

PSALM XV. L. M.

1 Who in thy courts, O Lord, shall dwell,
Who in thy holy hill remain?
The man whose steps are ordered well,
Who speaks the truth with purpose plain;

2 Who bears no tale of slanderous guile;
Who plans no ill, nor loves to hear;
In whose just eyes vile men are vile,
And thy pure saints are always dear.

3 Who keeps the oath that brings him harm,
And will not wrong to swell his store;
Nor lift for gold the law's high arm;
Such stand unmoved for evermore.

St. Thomas.

PSALM XVI. S. M.

1 To thee, O Lord, I fly,
And on thy help depend;
I said, Thou art my Lord Most High,
To me deliverance send.

2 Not unto thee my worth,
It reaches not that hight,
But saints, the noble ones of earth,
With whom is my delight.

3 Their sorrows shall be great
That other gods adore,
Their hateful names I'll not repeat,
Nor their blood-offerings pour.

4 A heritage for me
Jehovah will remain;
The portion of my cup is he,
My lot he shall maintain.

5 The lot to me that fell
Is beautiful and fair;
The heritage in which I dwell
Is blest beyond compare.

6 I'll praise God while I live,
His counsel guides me right;
My reins to me instruction give,
In seasons of the night.

7 The Lord before me still
I set, and trust his love;
At my right hand he guards from ill,
And nothing shall me move.

8 Now gladness fills my soul,
And joy shall be expressed;
My glory shall his name extol;
My flesh in hope shall rest.

9 My soul in death's dark pit
Shall not be left by thee;
Corruption thou wilt not permit
Thy Holy One to see.

10 Life's path thou wilt me show,
To thy right hand me guide,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And boundless joys abide.

Lischer.

PSALM XIX. H. M.

PART I.

1 The glory of the Lord
The heavens declare abroad;
The firmanent displays
The handiwork of God;
Day unto day declareth speech,
And night to night doth knowledge teach.

2 Aloud they do not speak,
They utter forth no word,
Nor into language break,
Their voice is never heard;
Their line through all the earth extends,
Their words to earth's remotest ends.

3 In them God for the sun
Hath set a dwelling-place;
Rejoicing as a man
Of strength, to run a race;
He, bridegroom like in his array,
Comes from his chamber, bringing day.

4 His daily going forth
Is from the end of heaven,
The firmament to him
Is for his circuit given—
His circuit reaches to its ends,
And everywhere his heat extends.

Meribah.

PART II. C. P. M.

5 God's perfect law converts the soul,
The erring heart it doth control,
Instruct and guide aright.
God's testimonies are most sure,
They make the simple wise and pure;
His statutes yield delight.

6 All the commandments of the Lord
Are just, and to the eyes afford
Divine and cheering light.
The fear of God is ever pure,
And shall for evermore endnre;
His judgments truth and right.

7 These precepts all by God inspired,
Are more than gold to be desired,
More sweet than honey'd store.
They also warn thy servant, Lord;
In keeping them is great reward,
And pleasures evermore.

8 Who hath his errors fully seen?
From secret faults O make me clean;
Do thou, O Lord, keep me
From willful and from reigning sin;
Then innocent and pure within
I from much sin shall be.

9 The words that from my mouth depart,
And meditation of my heart,
Let them, most gracious Lord,
Now in thy sight acceptance find,
My strength and my Redeemer kind,
Whose praises I record.

Brown.

PSALM XX. C. M.

1 Jehovah hear thee when in grief,
Let Jacob's God defend;
Give from his holy place relief,
And strength from Zion send.

2 Thy precious gifts to mind recall,
Thine offerings made by fire;
Fulfill thy thoughts and counsels all,
And grant thy heart's desire.

3 Thy great salvation we will praise,
With joy thy grace declare;
And in thy name our banners raise.
"The Lord accept thy prayer."

4 I know the Lord will save from harm
His own anointed King;
The saving strength of his right arm
From heaven shall victory bring.

5 Some trust in steeds for war designed;
On chariots some rely;
But our God's name we call to mind,
And trust the Lord Most High.

6 Our foes subdued shall bow and fall,
With steadfast feet we stand:
The King regard us when we call;
Save, Lord, by thy right hand.

St. Thomas.

PSALM XXIII. S. M.

1 The Lord my constant guide,
My Shepherd ever nigh;
His goodness will for me provide,
And all my wants supply.

2 Where verdant pastures grow,
He bids me sweetly rest:
Where streams of water gently flow,
My weary soul's refreshed.

3 My soul he bringeth back,
Whene'er I go astray;
And leads me for his own name's sake
In his most righteous way.

4 When passing death's dark vale,
No evil will I fear;
For there thy presence shall not fail,
Thy rod and staff shall cheer.

5 My table thou hast spread
In presence of my foes;
With oil thou dost anoint my head,
My cup with bliss o'erflows.

6 Thy mercy and thy love
Shall all my days attend;
And I shall reach thy courts above,
And joys that never end.

Greenfields.

PSALM XXIII. 8s.

1 Jehovah, my Shepherd and guide,
Will every thing needful bestow;
Green pastures my wants have supplied;
I'll rest where the still waters flow.

2 My soul he will kindly restore,
And help in the time of my need;
For sake of his name evermore
My footsteps in righteousness lead.

3 When walking through death's gloomy vale,
My spirit no evil shall fear;
Thy rod and thy staff shall not fail;
Thy presence, Jehovah, shall cheer.

4 My table Jehovah hath spread,
And fed me in sight of my foes;
With oil hath anointed my head;
My cup with his bounty o'erflows.

5 His goodness and mercy I trust,
My life has been crowned with his love
Forever, when raised from the dust,
I'll dwell in his temple above.

Missionary Hymn.

PSALM XXIII. 7s and 6s.

1 The Lord my Shepherd feeds me,
And I no want shall know;
He in green pastures leads me,
By streams which gently flow.

2 He doth when ill betides me,
Restore me from distress;
For his name's sake he guides me
In paths of righteousness.

3 Thy rod and staff shall cheer me,
When passing death's dark vale;
Thou, Lord, wilt still be near me,
And I shall fear no ill.

4 My food thou dost appoint me,
Prepared before my foes;
With oil thou dost anoint me;
My cup of bliss o'erflows.

5 Thy goodness shall not leave me,
Thy mercy still shall guide,
Till God's house shall receive me,
Forever to abide.

Lisbon.

PSALM XXVI. S. M.

1 O Lord, do thou me try,
I in thy name confide;
I walked in my integrity,
And therefore shall not slide.

2 Examine me, and prove,
Try thou my reins and heart;
Before my eyes I set thy love,
From truth I'll not depart.

3 I sat not with the vain,
Nor with the false will meet;
I've shunned the throng of wicked men,
With such I will not sit.

4 My hands I'll cleanse, O God,
So to thy altar go.
With voice of thanks proclaim abroad,
And all thy wonders show.

5 I in thy house delight,
Where is thy honor seen:
My soul, my life do not unite
With wicked, bloody men.

6 Their hands with crimes they fill,
Their right hands bribes retain;
But I in all my way shall still
Integrity maintain.

7 Save me from all distress,
Thy grace to me afford.
I stand upon an even place;
With saints I'll bless the Lord.

Lauda.

PSALM XXVI. 6s, 8s, 4s.

1 Judge me, O Lord Most High;
In pureness I abide;
Believing thou art ever nigh,
I shall not slide.

2 Search me, O Lord, and try,
Try thou my reins and heart,
For from thy love and truth my eye
Shall ne'er depart.

3 I sit not with the vain,
Nor with dissemblers meet;
I ever hate the crowd profane,
And scoffer's seat.

4 I'll wash my hands from stains,
And compass round thy shrine,
Thy wonders sing in joyful strains,
Thy works divine.

5 Lord, I have loved the place
Where thou hast fixed thy throne,
Where bright the glory of thy face
Around me shone.

6 Not with the guilty race,
Take thou away my life,
Not with the men of brib'ry base
And bloody strife.

7 So I in pureness tried,
My peaceful way will go;
Be thou a saviour at my side,
And mercy show.

8 Whilst thou my steps shalt guide,
I'll walk in even ways;
I with thy people shall abide,
And sing thy praise.

Downs.

PSALM XXVII. C. M.

1 The Lord's my Saviour and my light,
What shall my heart alarm?
The Lord is all my spirit's might,
Who then shall do me harm?

2 When wicked men arose in power,
Mine enemies and foes,
And came to trample and devour,
They fell beneath thy blows.

3 Though hosts their camp around me spread,
My heart shall fear no ill;
Though war uprear its angry head,
My hope shall triumph still.

4 One thing I from the Lord request,
And trust his grace to give,
That in his temple's holy rest
I all my days may live.

5 There I shall see his gracious face,
And learn his holy ways,
And find with him my resting place
In dark and troublous days.

6 He shall me safe in calm repose
In his pavilion hide,
And on a rock above my foes
Shall make me to abide.

7 I therefore to his house of prayer
Will joyful off'rings bring;
Fill with my strains that sacred air,
And God's high praises sing.

8 Hear thou my voice that humbly cries,
A gracious answer speak:
"Seek ye my face," my heart replies,
"Thy face Lord will I seek."

9 Hide not thy face with wrathful brow,
Let me not be abhorr'd;
Till now my help, forsake not now,
My Saviour and my Lord.

10 Though me my parents both forsake,
The Lord shall then sustain;
Oh! guide me, Lord, thy way to take,
And let that way be plain.

11 For many foes beset my path,
And men of falsehood rise;
Oh give me not to their fierce wrath,
That breathe out threats and lies.

12 My fainting heart had sunk with grief,
Had not my soul believed
Thy grace would soon provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceived.

13 Wait on the Lord; stand fast, ye saints,
And he shall strength afford:
He'll raise your spirit when it faints;
Yea, wait upon the Lord.

Lennox.

PSALM XXVII. H. M.

1 Jehovah is my light,
And my salvation near;
Who shall my soul affright,
Or raise in me a fear?
While God my strength, my life sustains,
In perfect peace my soul remains.

2 When wicked men in power
Came on with all my foes,
Impatient to devour,
They stumbled, fell, nor rose:
Though warring hosts beset me round,
Still shall my confidence abound.

3 One thing I seek through grace;
For this to God I pray,
That in his holy place
I evermore may stay,
To see the beauty of the Lord,
And in his temple seek his word.

4 In times of trouble I
In his pavilion hide;
Safe in his tent I lie,
And on a rock abide.
Above my foes he lifts my head,
And I delight his praise to spread.

5 Lord, hear me when I pray,
In mercy answer me;
Soon as I heard thee say,
"Seek ye my face," to thee
With pleasure did my heart reply,
Thy face, Jehovah, seek will I.

6 In wrath put not away
Thy servant from thy face,
Oft hast thou been my stay,
O leave not, God of grace.
Should both my parents me forsake,
The Lord my soul his care will make.

7 Teach me, O Lord, thy way,
And in a plain path guide,
Because of foes, I pray,
Defeat their schemes of pride.
False witnesses against me rise,
Who breathe out cruelty and lies.

8 Unless my trust had been,
When threatened by their spite,
Thy goodness to have seen,
I should have fainted quite.
Wait on the Lord; be firm of heart,
Yea, wait, and he shall strength impart.

Calbra.

PSALM XXIX. 9s and 6s.

1 Give unto the Lord, ye sons of might,
Honor and strength and fame;
Give unto the Lord his endless right,
His worship, of holy beauty bright,
The honor of his name.

2 The voice of the Lord is on the deep;
The God of glory calls:
The Lord is upon the waves' wild heap;
The voice of the Lord, its thunders sweep
Through heaven's re-echoing halls.

3 The voice of the Lord majestic takes
O'er Lebanon its way;
The voice of the Lord the cedar breaks;
Like a leaping calf, Mount Sirion shakes,
Like unicorns at play.

4 The voice of the Lord, mid flames it goes;
It wakes the distant lair;
The voice of the Lord makes Kadesh shake;
The voice of the Lord makes hinds to quake,
And strips the forest bare.

5 His glory is told where high he reigns,
Whose throne can never cease;
The Lord, who rides on the wat'ry plains,
The Lord, who his people's strength maintains,
Will give his people peace.

The voice of Free Grace.

PSALM XXIX. 12s and 11s.

1 Ye sons of the mighty, give ye to Jehovah,
O give to him honor and strength evermore;
O give to the name of Jehovah due glory;
In beauty of holiness bow and adore.

2 The voice of Jehovah comes over the waters;
His voice o'er the vast and deep ocean is heard:
The God of all glory hath spoken in thunder;
How mighty, how awful the voice of the Lord!

3 The voice of Jehovah hath broken the cedars,
The cedars which Lebanon's summit adorn;
Yea, Lebanon, Sirion too, he hath made them
To leap like a calf or the young unicorn.

4 The voice of Jehovah the burning flame severs,
It makes the hinds calve, and the forest lays bare;
It shakes the great desert, the desert of Kadesh,
All join in his temple his praise to declare.

5 Upon the great waters Jehovah is seated,
A King whose dominion is never to cease.
Jehovah with power will strengthen his people;
Jehovah will bless all his people with peace.

Migdol.

PSALM XXXIV. L. M.

1 The Lord will I at all times bless;
My mouth his praise shall still express.
My soul shall boast in God: my voice,
The meek shall hear and shall rejoice.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
Let us to praise his name agree.
I sought the Lord; he did me hear,
And set me free from ev'ry fear.

3 They looked to him and light received,
Their faces were from shame relieved.
This poor man on the Lord did call;
He heard, and saved from sorrows all.

4 Encamped around his angels guard,
And rescue them that fear the Lord.
See, God is good; his goodness taste,
For all that trust in him are blest.

5 Fear God, his saints; no want at all
Can such as do him fear befall.
Young lions pine for lack of food;
Who seek the Lord shall lack no good.

6 Ye children, come; to me give ear,
And learn how ye the Lord should fear:
What man to length of life aspires,
And many days of good desires?

7 From evil let thy tongue abstain;
From speaking guile thy lips refrain;
From ev'ry wicked way depart;
Do good; seek peace with all thy heart.

8 Upon the just God keeps his eyes;
His ears are open to their cries:
Against the wicked sets his face,
From earth their memory to erase.

9 When just men cry, Jehovah hears,
And rescues them from all their fears;
The Lord draws nigh to broken hearts;
To contrite spirits, help imparts.

10 Though many ills the just befall,
The Lord delivers from them all;
God shall him guard from every stroke,
Nor shall a single bone be broke.

11 Sin slays the wicked; ruin waits
For him, the righteous man who hates.
His servants' souls will God redeem;
None perish shall who trust in him.

Rono.

PSALM XL. L. M. H.

1 I waited long for God Most High,
And he inclined to hear my cry;
He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay;
Upon a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way.

2 He taught my mouth and lips to frame
New songs to magnify his name.
This many seeing, filled with fear,
Shall on the Lord rely;
Blest in their trust, they shun with care
The proud and such as lie.

3 O Lord my God, thy wonders wrought,
And thy kind thoughts, exceed all thought;
No mind can their vast sum contain.
If them I would declare,
And speak of them, the task is vain,
So numberless they are.

4 Sin-offering thou hast not desired,
Burnt sacrifice hast not required.
O Lord, thou opened hast my ears:
I come, said I, to thee.
Lo, this within thy book appears;
There it is said of me:

5 To do thy holy will aright,
O Lord my God, is my delight;
Thy law within my heart doth reign.
Thy justice I have shown;
That I my lips did not refrain,
To thee, O Lord, is known.

6 I have not in my heart concealed,
But to the saints thy truth revealed;
The righteousness which thou hast wrought,
And faithfulness made known;
And thy salvation I have taught,
Thy love and truth have shown.

7 I for thy tender mercies cried,
O Lord, let them not be denied.
To me thy loving kindness show,
Thy truth be still my stay;
Let them preserve me where I go,
And keep me every day.

8 Encompassed round with ills untold;
On me my sins have taken hold,
They 're more than hairs upon my head,
And shame my face hath vailed.
Lord save me, haste to give me aid,
My very heart hath failed.

9 All those who seek my soul to kill,
Together let confusion fill.
Those who desire my hurt, O Lord,
Drive backward in their way;
Make desolate as their reward,
To me "aha" that say.

10 Let all who seek to see thy face
Be glad, and joyful in thy grace;
Let those who thy salvation love
Continually proclaim,
"O praise the Lord who dwells above,
And magnify his name."

11 I'm poor and needy, yet the Lord
With kindest thoughts will me regard.
Thy helping grace thou wilt impart,
And keep me in the way.
Thou only my deliverer art,
My God, do not delay.

Windham.

PSALM XLI. L. M.

1 How blest who wisely helps the poor!
The Lord shall keep his soul secure,
Shall save him in the evil day,
And guard his life through all his way.

2 Thy blessing on his home shall rest,
From hostile purpose shield his breast.
In sickness God sustains his head,
And all his couch will softly spread.

3 Thy mercy, Lord, on me bestow,
And heal my soul from guilt and woe:
For now my foes blaspheming say,
"When shall he die? his name decay?"

4 And if he come to mark my pain,
His treach'rous words are cordials vain;
His inmost heart has stored deceit;
He spreads it through the crowded street.

5 Their whisp'ring lips of evil speak;
On me their vengeance they would wreak.
"Beneath a deadly grasp he lies,
From that sad bed no more to rise."

6 The man who seemed my bosom friend,
The man on whom I did depend,
So welcome to my household bread,
He lifts his heel to crush my head.

7 Lift thou that head, O gracious Lord,
To render them their due reward.
And since my foe no triumph gains,
I know thy love to me remains.

8 My blameless steps are kept aright;
I stand forever in thy sight.
Bless'd be the Lord, our Israel's rest,
Forever and forever blest.
Amen. Amen.

Ware.

PSALM XLII. L. M.

1 As pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul, O God, for thee;
For thee it thirsts, to thee it looks,
And longs the living God to see.

2 Far from thy sacred courts, my tears
Have been my food by night and day,
While constantly, with bitter sneers,
"Where is thy God?" the scoffers say.

3 These things I'll call to mind, and cry,
When I shall tread the sacred way
To Zion, praising God on high,
With throngs who keep thy holy day.

4 Oh! why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and him extol,
Whose face brings saving health to thee.

5 My God, although dejected now,
I think of thee to check my fear,
From Jordan's land, from Hermon's brow,
And Mizar-hill, for thou art near.

6 Deep calls to deep in thunders loud,
Thy water-spouts repeat the call,
Whilst o'er me roll the billows proud,
And all thy waves upon me fall.

7 Yet shall the Lord command by day
His loving kindness; and his song
By night be with me; and I'll pray
To him who doth my life prolong.

8 I cry to God, my rock and stay,
Oh why hast thou forgotten me?
Why go I mourning all the day
Oppressed by my fierce enemy?

9 Keen as a sword within my bones
Are the reproaches which I hear;
Whilst every day, in scornful tones,
"Where is thy God?" the scoffers sneer.

10 Oh! why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and him extol,
Whose face brings saving help to thee.

Dalston.

PSALM XLII. S. P. M.

1 As pants the hart for cooling flood,
So pants my soul, O living God,
To taste thy grace.
When unto thee shall I draw near?
Oh when within thy courts appear,
And see thy face?

2 Tears day and night have been my bread,
Whilst, "where is now thy God," is said
By foes to me.
I call these things to mind with grief,
My soul I then, to find relief,
Pour out to thee.

3 With numbers gathered from abroad
I went to seek the house of God,
With joy and praise.
I ever joined with true delight
The multitude which kept aright
The holy days.

4 Why, Oh my soul, brought down so low?
Why so disquieted with woe?
On God rely;
For I shall yet behold his face;
My God who helps me by his grace,
I'll magnify.

5 My God, my soul's cast down, yet still
From Jordan, Hermon, Mizar-hill,
I'll think of thee.
Deep calls to deep with deafening roar,
Thy water-spouts and billows pour
Their floods on me.

6 God will command his love by day,
And I by night will sing and pray
To God my life.
To God my rock I'll make my plea,
Oh why hast thou forgotten me
Amidst this strife?

7 Why ever restless do I mourn,
Oppressed by foes whose words of scorn
Are spread abroad?
And daily their reproachful words
Have pierced my soul like cutting swords:
"Where is thy God?"

8 Oh thou my soul, why so depressed?
Why thus with vexing thoughts oppressed?
On God rely;
For I shall yet behold his face;
My God who helps me by his grace,
I'll magnify.

Old Hundred.

PSALM XLIII. L. M.

1 Judge me, O God, and plead my cause
Against a realm that spurns thy laws.
Save from the man of wrong and fraud,
For thou of all my strength art God.

2 Why dost thou cast me off distressed?
Why do I mourn, by foes oppressed?
Send light and truth to lead me still,
And bring me to thy holy hill.

3 Let me before thy courts appear,
Then to thy altar I'll draw near;
I'll go to God, my soul's chief joy,
And there my harp in praise employ.

4 Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
Why thus doth grief my heart control?
Hope thou in God, he'll thee sustain;
My God, I'll praise thee yet again.

Mt. Vernon.

PSALM XLIII. 8s and 7s.

1 Righteous Judge, from foes defend me,
Who combined false charges lay;
From thy arm deliverance send me,
And my treacherous foes dismay.

2 God my rock, my strength sustaining,
Why cast off my soul distressed?
Why am I in grief complaining,
By the power of foes oppressed?

3 Now thy light and truth descending,
Let them lead and guide me still,
Guide me to thy house ascending,
Lead me to thy holy hill.

4 There thine altar, Lord, surrounding,
God, my God, my boundless joy,
Harp and voice aloud resounding,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

5 Why my soul cast down and grieving?
Why within me such distress?
Hope in God, his help receiving,
God my life I yet shall bless.

St. Thomas.

PSALM XVII. S. M.

1 All nations clap your hands,
Let shouts of triumph ring,
For dreadful over all the lands
The Lord Most High is King.

2 He'll quell the peoples' rage,
And nations will destroy;
For us will choose our heritage,
His chosen Jacob's joy.

3 With shouts ascends our King,
With trumpets' stirring call;
Sing praise to God, his praises sing,
For God is Lord of all.

4 Oh sing in joyful strains,
In songs his truth make known;
God over all the nations reigns,
High on his holy throne.

5 The heirs of gentile thrones
With Abr'am's children meet.
The shields of earth Jehovah owns:
Exalted is his seat.

Nuremberg.

PSALM XLIX. 7s.

1 Hearken, nations far and near,
Dwellers of the world, give ear;
All in high and low estate,
Rich and poor together met.

2 Wisdom true my lips shall speak,
Knowledge pure my heart shall seek;
Sayings deep my ear inspire,
Sayings dark attune my lyre.

3 Wherefore should I sink with fear,
Though the evil day be near;
And the proud supplanter's heel
Pressing on my steps I feel?

4 They that trust their treasured gold,
They that boast their wealth untold,
None can bid his brother live,
None to God a ransom give.

5 Heaping high the golden store,
Still they find the price is more
That with endless life could save,
Closing fast the conquered grave.

6 For he sees that wise men die,
Fools in death must also lie;
Then their treasured, glittering heap
Other hands in turn shall keep.

7 Fondly hopes their dreaming heart
That their house shall not depart;
That their homes on solid base
Shall remain from race to race.

8 Yet shall many a broad domain
Bear their titled name in vain.
Man in pomp shall not abide,
But shall die as beasts have died.

6 Others lauding what they say,
Follow in their foolish way;
Till in graves like sheep they're laid,
Where their boasted beauties fade.

10 When the morning dawns again
Power returns to upright men;
And from death will God release,
Taking home my soul in peace.

11 Fear not wealth or honors great,
When they grace the rich man's state;
Death shall all his glory end,
Naught shall to the tomb descend.

12 Though through all his prosperous days,
Ready his own soul to praise;
(And when selfish men do well,
Multitudes their praise will tell.)

13 Yet with sires in darkness deep,
He shall find inglorious sleep.
Man in honor yet not wise,
Like the beast he lives and dies.

Meribah.

PSALM LXI. C. P. M.

1 Lord, hear my voice, my prayer attend,
From earth's remotest bound I send
My supplicating cry.
When troubles great o'erwhelm my breast,
Then lead me on the rock to rest,
That's higher far than I!

2 In thee my soul has shelter found,
And thou hast been from foes around
The tower of my defense:
My home shall thy pavilion be;
My spirit to thy wings shall flee,
And find deliverance.

3 For thou, O Lord, my vows hast heard,
On me their heritage conferred,
That fear thy holy name.
Long life thou to the king wilt give,
Through generations he shall live,
From age to age the same.

4 Before the Lord shall he abide:
Oh! do thou truth and grace provide
To guard him in the way.
So I thy praises will make known,
And humbly bending at thy throne,
My vows will daily pay.

Meribah.

PSALM LXIII. C. P. M.

1 O Lord, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayers shall offered be,
To thee my soul shall look;
My thirsty soul implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where is no cooling brook.

2 Now to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thine own house displays;
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself doth dearer prove,
My lips shall speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
My hands I lift to thee;
My soul shall still be satisfied
As with choice viands well supplied,
Thy grace my song shall be.

4 When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
In watches of the night:
Because thou didst assistance bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with great delight.

5 My soul, O Lord, cleaves fast to thee,
And thy right hand upholdeth me,
On thee my hopes depend:
Who strive to make my soul a prey,
The righteous Lord will surely slay,
They down to earth descend.

6 They by the sword shall fall and die,
Their flesh a prey to foxes lie;
In God the king shall joy:
Who swears by him shall still rejoice,
But sland'rous tongues and lying voice
He 'll silence and destroy.

Missionary Hymn.

PSALM LXV. 7s and 6s.

1 Praise waits for thee in Zion,
To thee vows paid shall be,
O thou of prayer the hearer,
All flesh shall come to thee.

2 Iniquities against me
Prevail from day to day;
But as for our transgressions,
Them shalt thou purge away.

3 Blest he whom thou hast chosen,
And unto thee brought nigh;
Who hath for habitation
The courts of God Most High.

4 We shall in rich abundance
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of God's most holy place.

5 O God of our salvation,
We plead with thee in prayer;
Thy righteousness makes answer
By things which fearful are.

6 Of earth the ends remotest,
And those afar at sea,
These all, O Lord, are placing
Their confidence in thee.

7 His strength sets fast the mountains,
He's girt about with power,
He calms the angry people,
And stills the ocean's roar.

8 Thy dreadful signs and wonders
Make distant lands afraid;
The morning and the evening
By thee are joyful made.

9 Thy visit brings the showers,
Thy floods enrich the field;
Thy blessing so provides it,
That earth our food shall yield.

10 Thou waterest her ridges,
Her furrows down are pressed;
With showers they are softened,
Her spring by thee is blest.

11 The year is crowned with goodness,
Thy paths drop fatness round;
The little hills and pastures
With joyfulness resound.

12 The fields with flocks are covered,
The vales with corn are clad;
They shout, yea, they are singing,
For thou hast made them glad.

Mason's Chant.

PSALM LXVI. C. M.

1 Let all the lands with glad acclaim
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honor of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

2 Say ye, "Thy works are dreadful, Lord,
Thy foes thy might shall own;
All lands shall bow with one accord,
And sing thy name alone."

3 Come, see the awful works of God,
He made the deep sea dry;
And through the flood his people trod
With joy's triumphant cry.

4 He rules forever by his might;
His eyes the world survey;
Let no rebellious host unite
Against his sovereign sway.

5 Oh praise our God, and let the strain
Swell out to every land;
By him our souls in life remain,
And firm our footsteps stand.

6 For thou, O God, our souls hast tried,
Like silver in the flame;
Thy net our struggling members tied,
Afflictions bowed our frame.

7 Hard o'er our heads the oppressor rode,
Through fire and flood we passed,
But thou to plenty's fair abode
Hast led our feet at last.

8 And therefore in thy temple bowed,
My cheerful thanks I pay;
And keep whate'er my lips have vowed
In my distressful day.

9 My promised gifts to thee I bear
From forest, field and stall;
The incense rising with my prayer
To God who gave them all.

10 Oh come, and hearken every one
Who truly fears the Lord;
And for my soul what God hath done,
I'll thankfully record.

11 I cried to him, his aid I sought,
I'll praise him while I live.
If sin I cherish in my thought,
He will no answer give.

12 But God hath heard; let him be blest,
He hears me when I pray;
And gives the mercy I request,
Nor turns his grace away.

Webb.

PSALM LXVII. 7s and 6s.

1 O God, to us show mercy,
And bless us in thy grace,
Cause thou to shine upon us
The brightness of thy face.

2 That so throughout all nations
Thy way may be well known;
And unto ev'ry people
Thy saving wealth be shown.

3 O God, let people praise thee,
Let all the people praise;
O let the joyful nations
Their songs of gladness raise.

4 For thou shalt judge the people
In truth and righteousness;
And on the earth all nations
Shall thy just rule confess.

5 O God, let people praise thee,
Thy praises let them sing;
And then in rich abundance
The earth her fruit shall bring.

6 The Lord our God shall bless us,
God shall his blessing send,
And people all shall fear him
To earth's remotest end.

Missionary Hymn.

PSALM LXXXIV. 7s and 6s.

1 Lord God of hosts, how lovely
The place where thou dost dwell!
Thy tabernacles holy
In pleasantness excel.

2 My soul is longing, fainting,
Jehovah's courts to see;
My heart and flesh are crying,
O living God, for thee.

3 Behold the sparrow findeth
A house in which to rest.
The swallow hath discovered
Where she may build her nest;

4 And where, securely sheltered,
Her young she forth may bring;
So, Lord of hosts, thy altars
I seek, my God, my King.

5 Blest who thy house inhabit,
They ever give thee praise;
Blest all whom thou dost strengthen,
Who love the sacred ways.

6 Who pass through Baca's valley,
And make in it a well;
There rains in showers abundant
The pools with water fill.

7 So they from strength unwearied
Go forward unto strength,
Till they appear in Zion,
Before the Lord at length.

8 Oh hear, Lord God of Jacob,
To me an answer yield;
The face of thy Anointed,
Behold, O God, our Shield.

9 One day excels a thousand,
If spent thy courts within;
I'll choose thy threshold rather
Than dwell in tents of sin.

10 Our Sun and Shield Jehovah
Will grace and glory give;
No good will he deny them
That uprightly do live.

11 O God of hosts, Jehovah,
How blessed is each one
Whose confidence reposes
On thee, O Lord, alone.

Ninety-Third.

PSALM LXXXV. S. M.

1 Lord, thou hast blest thy land,
When wrath against it burned;
And led by thy delivering hand,
Our captive tribes returned.

2 Their guilt thou pardoned hast,
Their sin is covered o'er,
Thy dreadful wrath from them is past,
Thy light has dawned once more.

3 O God, us save and turn,
And let thine anger end.
Shall thy fierce wrath forever burn?
From race to race descend?

4 To make us glad in thee
Wilt thou not us revive?
Oh! grant us, Lord, thy grace to see;
To us salvation give.

5 I'll hear Jehovah's voice,
For to his saints he'll say:
"Peace to the people of my choice,"
But let them no more stray.

6 To those his name who dread,
Is God's salvation near;
That glory o'er our land may spread,
And make her dwelling there.

7 Now truth and mercy meet,
And right greets peace in love:
Truth springs from earth with fragrance sweet.
Right looks from heaven above.

8 The Lord shall good bestow,
Our land its plenty yield;
Before his face shall justice go,
And be our guide and shield.

Temple.

PSALM LXXXV. L. M. 6 lines.

1 Lord, thou hast favor shown thy land,
And brought back Jacob's captive band;
Thy peoples' sins thou pardoned hast,
And all their guilt hast covered o'er,
Removed from them thine anger sore,
All thy fierce wrath behind thee cast.

2 Turn us, O God our Saviour, turn,
Nor longer let thine anger burn;
Wilt thou forever angry be?
Through ages shall thy wrath survive?
Wilt thou not us again revive,
That so we may rejoice in thee?

3 O Lord, to us thy mercy show,
And thy salvation now bestow;
We wait to hear what God will say;
Peace to his people he will speak
And to his saints, but let them seek.
No more in folly's path to stray.

4 His saving help is surely near,
To those his holy name that fear;
Thus glory dwells in all our land.
Now heavenly truth unites with grace,
And righteousness and peace embrace,
In full accord they ever stand.

5 Truth springing forth, the earth shall crown,
And righteousness from heaven look down,
And God on us his goodness shed:
Our land shall then with plenty flow,
And righteousness before him go,
And cause us in his steps to tread.

Ward.

PSALM LXXXVIII. L. M.

1 Lord God my Saviour, day and night
I cried beneath thy searching sight;
Oh, bring my prayer in mercy near,
And bend from heaven thy listening ear.

2 My soul is filled with weary woes,
Around my life, death's shadows close:
E'en now they count me with the dead,
A man, whose manly powers are fled.

3 With them who sink to earth's cold caves,
The prostrate couched in bloody graves,
Who have from thy remembrance passed,
From thy strong hand to ruin cast.

4 There thou hast fixed my cheerless doom,
Low in the depths' unfathomed gloom:
Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And all thy billows o'er me roll.

5 Thou hast removed each friendly face;
Afar they shun my loathed embrace;
I'm prisoned whence I can not fly,
I close my dim, decaying eye.

6 To thee each day my prayer is made,
To thee my hands are stretched for aid;
Oh, shall the dead thy wonders learn?
The dead to speak thy praise return?

7 Shall love be whispered in the grave?
Destruction tell thy truth to save?
In darkness shall thy wonders blaze?
Oblivion's land thy justice praise?

8 To thee, O Lord, to thee I cry;
My prayer ascends the morning sky:
Why leave my soul cast off to stray,
Why turn thy gracious face away?

9 Even from my youth, with anguish torn,
Distracting terrors I have borne;
Thy burning wrath my soul o'erflows,
My days amid thy terrors close.

10 With ceaseless swell around they roar,
A circling sea without a shore;
No form of friend or brother nigh,
No sight of love to light mine eye.

Tabernacle Chant.

PSALM XC. C. M.

1 O Lord, through all the ages past
Our fathers' sheltering home;
And still our children's refuge fast,
Through fleeting years to come.

2 Ere thou hadst reared the mountain's brow,
Or made this vale of tears;
From years eternal, God art thou,
To still eternal years.

3 But feeble man in death's dark way
At thy commandment goes;
Thou speak'st, "Return, ye sons of clay,"
And all their journeyings close.

4 A thousand years beneath thy sight
Like yester evening seem;
Like one short watch of silent night,
Or like a fleeting dream.

5 Thy floods sweep o'er us, and we pass,
And like the flowers we fade;
Fair blooms at morn the waving grass,
And falls ere evening's shade.

6 For in thy wrath's consuming might
Our spirits droop and die;
Our secret sins are spread in light
Beneath thy piercing eye.

7 Swift, like a tale, is gone the space
Assigned to mortal men;
And scarce thy wrath allows our race
Their three score years and ten.

8 Or if by strength, some hoary head
Its four score winters bear,
How weak the limbs, and slow the tread,
How bowed with weary care!

9 So soon must life on pinions flee,
So swift our joys depart;
Yet, who will all thy terrors see,
And fear thee as thou art?

10 Oh, teach us, Lord, betimes to learn
The measure of our days,
That so our wandering steps may turn,
To walk in wisdom's ways.

11 Return, O Lord, how long, how long?
Repent and grant us peace;
With mercy early wake our song,
To joy that shall not cease.

12 As thou hast given us weary days,
And shown us years of woe,
So make us glad in all thy ways,
To us thy glory show.

13 On us, O Lord, and on our seed,
Let now thy beauty shine;
Build thou the work our hands would speed,
Make firm with strength divine.

Hebron.

PSALM XCII. L. M.

1 Behold how good with songs to raise,
O Lord, Most High, thy grateful praise;
To show thy love at morning light,
And tell thy faithfulness each night.

2 With harp and lute thy praise to sing,
With harp and lyre of tenfold string;
To wake the psaltery's solemn sound,
And pour rejoicing music round.

3 Thy works, O Lord, are still my joy,
Thy works shall all my praise employ;
How high thy glorious works arise,
How deep thy secret counsel lies.

4 The godless, Lord, see not thy hand,
Nor fools these things can understand:
When prosperous sinners spring like grass,
To endless ruin swift they pass.

5 For thou, O Lord, art throned on high,
And at thy word the guilty die;
Behold the foes that scoffed at thee
And sinners all dispersed shall flee.

6 Great strength shalt thou impart to me,
I with fresh oil perfumed shall be.
Mine eye shall see my prostrate foes,
Mine ear shall hear their fearful woes.

7 Like palms shall grow the righteous one,
Like cedars tall on Lebanon,
In God's own courts who planted are,
Shall rise and bloom and flourish there.

8 High spread their boughs, and deep their root,
Still green in age they bend with fruit.
Thus God is just: a rock to me,
From all unrighteousness is free.

Laban.

PSALM XCIII. S. M.

1 God reigneth, he is clothed
With majesty most bright;
Himself Jehovah clothes with strength,
And girds about with might.

2 The world is firmly fixed,
That it can not depart;
Thy throne is fixed of old, and thou
From everlasting art.

3 The floods have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice,
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.

4 But yet the Lord on high
Is mightier by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

5 Thy testimonies all
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness forever, Lord,
Thy house becometh well.

Temple.

PSALM XCV. L. M. 6.

1 Come let us sing with joy to God.
The rock of our salvation laud;
Let us in psalms our tongues employ;
Before him render thanks with joy:
Great is the Lord whose praise we sing,
Above all gods a mighty king.

2 The vast deep places of the land,
And strength of hills are in his hand;
The sea is his, he gave it birth,
His hands prepared the solid earth:
O come, and let us worship now,
Before the Lord our Maker bow.

3 He is our God, we are the sheep
His hand doth feed and safely keep;
If ye his voice will hear to-day,
Then harden not your hearts, as they
Who in the wilderness beheld
His mighty works, and yet rebelled.

4 Your fathers there my works did see,
But still they proved and tempted me;
For forty years I them did bear.
I said, in heart and ways they err;
To whom; I did in wrath protest
They shall not see my promised rest.

Uxbridge.

PSALM XCVI. L. M.

1 O sing a new song to the Lord;
Sing all the earth his sov'reign name;
From day to day his praise record,
The Lord's redeeming grace proclaim.

2 Tell all the world his wondrous ways,
Tell heathen nations far and near;
Great is the Lord, and great his praise,
O'er all the gods that mortals fear.

3 The heathen gods are idols vain;
He made the heavens and he supports;
Both light and honor lead his train,
While strength and beauty fill his courts.

4 Oh give the Lord, ye tribes and tongues,
Oh give the Lord due praise and sing;
Give strength and glory in your songs,
Come, throng his courts and offerings bring.

5 Oh fear and bow, adorned with grace,
And tell each land that God is king;
He fix'd the earth's unchanging base,
Just judgment to the world he'll bring.

6 Let heaven exult, let earth rejoice,
Let seas and all their fullness roar;
Let waving fields lift high their voice;
The wood's wild joy in songs shall soar.

7 So let them shout before our God,
For lo! he comes, he comes with might.
To wield the scepter and the rod,
To judge the world with truth and right.

Old Hundred.

PSALM XCVII. L. M.

1 Jehovah reigns; let earth be glad,
And all her islands clap their hands;
With clouds and darkness he is clad,
His throne in right and judgment stands.

2 A fiery stream before him goes,
And wastes afar his flying foes;
His lightning shafts, in vengeance hurled,
Blaze, lurid o'er the trembling world.

3 Like wax the mountains melt away,
Before his majesty divine;
The heavens his righteousness display,
All nations see his glory shine.

4 Be shamed who idols serve and boast,
Fear him ye gods with all your host;
When Zion glad, thy judgments heard,
Then Judah's daughters praised the Lord.

5 Exalted is thy throne, O Lord,
Above all gods, above all lands.
Hate evil, ye who love his word,
His saints he frees from wicked hands.

6 For all the righteous sown in light,
And joy for men in heart upright.
Ye saints rejoice in God; him bless
When musing on his holiness.

Andre.

PSALM XCVIII. L. M.

1 Come let us sing unto the Lord,
A song of praise with sweet accord;
For wonders great by him are done;
His hand and arm have victory won.

2 The great salvation of our God
Is seen through all the earth abroad;
Before the heathens' wondering sight
He hath revealed his truth and right.

3 He called to mind his truth aud grace
In promise made to Israel's race;
And unto earth's remotest bound
Glad tidings of salvation sound.

4 All lands to God lift up your voice,
Sing praise to him—with shouts rejoice;
With voice of joy and loud acclaim,
Let all unite and praise his name.

5 Praise God with harp, with harp sing praise,
With voice of psalms his glory raise;
With trumpets, cornets, gladly sing,
And shout before the Lord the King.

6 Let earth be glad, let billows roar,
And all that dwell from shore to shore;
Let floods clap hands with one accord,
Let hills rejoice before the Lord;

7 For lo! he comes; at his command
All nations shall in judgment stand;
In justice robed, and throned in light,
The Lord shall judge, dispensing right.

Pearle.

PSALM C. 11s and 8s.

1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
Oh serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God—and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his scepter we own,
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

Greenville.

PSALM CIII. 8s and 7s.

1 Oh my soul bless thou Jehovah,
All within me bless his name;
Bless Jehovah, and forget not
All his mercies to proclaim.

2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all who heals;
Who thy life saves from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.

3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.

4 In his righteousness Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

5 He made known his ways to Moses,
And his acts to Israel's race;
God is plentiful in mercy,
Slow to anger, rich in grace.

6 He will not forever chide us,
Nor keep anger in his mind,
Hath not dealt as we offended,
Nor rewarded as we sinned.

7 For as high as is the heaven,
Far above the earth below,
Ever great to them that fear him
Is the mercy he will show.

8 Far as east from west is distant,
He hath put away our sin;
Like the pity of a father
Has the Lord's compassion been.

9 Well he knows our frame, remembering
We are dust, our days like grass;
Man is like the flower blooming,
Till the hot winds o'er it pass:

10 Then 't is gone, and is remembered
By its former place no more;
But on them that fear Jehovah
Rests his mercy evermore.

11 As it was without beginning,
So it lasts without an end:
To his children's children ever
Shall his righteousness extend;

12 Unto such as keep his cov'nant,
And are steadfast in his way;
Unto those who still remember
His commandments and obey.

13 In the heavens high Jehovah
Hath for him prepared his throne,
And throughout his vast dominion
All his works his power shall own.

14 Bless Jehovah, ye his angels,
Spirits that excel in might;
Ye who hear what he commands you;
Ye that do it with delight.

15 Bless and magnify Jehovah,
All ye hosts that do his will;
Ye his servants, ever ready
All his pleasure to fulfill.

16 Bless Jehovah, all his creatures,
Ever under his control,
All throughout his vast dominion:
Bless Jehovah, O my soul.

Ware.

PSALM CXII. L. M.

1 How blest the man that fears the Lord,
And makes his law his chief delight;
His seed shall share his great reward,
And on the earth be men of might.

2 Abounding wealth shall bless his home,
His righteousness shall still endure;
To him shall light arise in gloom;
He's kind, compassionate and pure.

3 The good will favor show, and lend,
And his affairs discreetly guide,
Unmoved he stands till life shall end,
His name in honor shall abide.

4 No evil tidings shall he fear;
His heart doth on the Lord repose;
He stands unmoved by dangers near,
Till God shall recompense his foes.

5 Dispersing gifts among the poor,
His liberal hands their wants supply;
His righteousness shall still endure,
His power shall be exalted high.

6 The wicked shall his honor see,
Consume with grief, and gnash and wail;
Their hopes shall disappointed be,
And their desires forever fail.

Lennox.

PSALM CXIV. H. M.

1 When Israel again
Was out of Egypt brought,
And Jacob's house from men
Whose language they knew not,
Then Judah was his holy place,
And his dominion Israel's race.

2 His face the sea discerned,
In haste away it fled;
The Jordan backward turned—
Its waters were afraid;
Behold! the mountains skipped like rams,
And all the little hills like lambs.

3 What ailed thee, O thou sea,
That thou fled'st at the sight?
Thou Jordan! what ailed thee,
That thou didst turn in flight?
Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams?
And you, ye little hills, like lambs?

4 Let all the earth abroad,
Before Jehovah fear;
And tremble when the God
Of Israel draws near—
Who from the rock did water bring,
Who made the flinty rock a spring.

Golden Shore.

PSALM CXVII. 8s and 7s.

1 Praise Jehovah, all ye nations,
All ye people praise proclaim;
For his gracious loving kindness,
Oh sing praises to his name.

2 Great to us hath been his mercy,
And his truth is evermore,
Through all ages it endureth.
Oh forever, him adore.

St. Thomas.

PSALM CXVII. S. M.

1 Let songs of endless praise
From every nation rise;
Let all the lands their tribute raise,
To God, who rules the skies.

2 His mercy and his love
Are boundless as his name,
And all eternity shall prove
His truth remains the same!
Halleluiah!

Helena.

PSALM CXVII. C. M.

1 Let all the lands with grateful songs
To God their tribute raise;
And earth, with all its various tongues,
Rehearse Jehovah's praise.

2 His mercy flows a boundless stream,
His saints its fullness prove;
His truth's eternal as his name,
And endless as his love.

Wilmot.

PSALM CXXI. 7s.

1 To the hills I'll lift mine eyes,
Whence my hopes of succor rise;
From the Lord comes all my aid,
Who the heaven and earth hath made.

2 He will ever be thy guide,
And thy foot shall never slide;
God, his Israel that keeps,
Never slumbers, never sleeps.

3 God thy keeper still shall stand
As a shade on thy right hand;
Neither sun by day shall smite,
Nor the silent moon by night.

4 God shall guard from every ill,
Keep thy soul in safety still;
Both without and in thy door,
He will keep thee evermore.

Duke Street.

PSALM CXXII. L. M.

1 With joy I hear my friends exclaim,
"Come let us in God's temple meet."
Within thy gates, Jerusalem,
We now have placed our willing feet.

2 A city built compact and fair,
Jerus'lem stands, the sacred place,
To which the gathering tribes repair,
Tribes of Jehovah's chosen race.

3 'T is there by his command they meet,
To render thanks and pay their vow
And there is judgment's royal seat,
There are the thrones of David's house.

4 Pray that Jerus'lem's peace endure,
For all that love thee, God will bless;
Peace dwell within thy walls secure,
And joy within thy palaces.

5 For sake of friends and kindred dear,
My heart's desire is "peace to thee,"
And for the house of God, my prayer
Shall seek thy good continually.

Pleyel's Hymn.

PSALM CXXIII. 7s.

1 At thy footstool low we wait,
To thy throne we lift our eyes,
Thou, who hast thy royal state
Far beyond the glorious skies.

2 As the servant's eye intent
Watches for his Lord's command;
As the handmaid's eye is bent
Lowly on her mistress' hand;

3 So our eye, and so our prayer,
To the Lord our God ascend,
Till his mercy's sovereign care
Down to us deliverance send.

4 God of grace, thy mercy grant;
Mercy, for our soul is bowed,
Loaded with the scorner's taunt
And derision of the proud.

New March.

PSALM CXXIII. L. M. 6 lines.

1 To thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes,
O thou, enthroned above the skies!
As servants watch their master's hand,
Or maids by mistress watching stand,
So to the Lord our eyes we raise,
Until his mercy he displays.

2 Have mercy, Lord, we cry to thee;
Filled with contempt thy servants see!
Have mercy on us, scorned by those
Who live in undisturbed repose!
Beneath the scorning of the proud,
And their contempt, our soul is bowed.

Windham.

PSALM CXXIV. L. M.

1 Had not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintained our side,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;

2 The swelling tide had been our grave,
So fiercely did the waters roll:
And the proud torrent, wave on wave,
Had swept above our drowning soul.

3 Blest be the Lord: let praise be given
That we escaped from death so nigh;
So when the fowler's snare is riven,
Soars the escaping bird on high.

4 The snare is rent and we are free;
Our grateful souls to God arise;
For all our help has come from thee,
Great Maker of the earth and skies.

Webb.

PSALM CXXV. 7s and 6s.

1 He that in God confideth
Like Zion Mount shall be,
Which evermore abideth,
Unmoved eternally.

2 As mountains which defend her,
Jerusalem surround,
His saints secure to render,
God compasseth around.

3 The sinner's rod shall never
On just men's lot abide,
Lest upright men should ever
To sin be turned aside.

4 Thy goodness, Lord our saviour,
To all the good impart;
And ever show thy favor
To men of upright heart.

5 But those whose choice is rather
In crooked ways to go,
With sinners God shall gather;
On Israel peace bestow.

Zephyr.

PSALM CXXVI. L. M.

1 'T was like a dream when by the Lord
From bondage Zion was restored:
Our mouths were filled with mirth, our tongues
Were ever singing joyful songs.

2 The heathen owned what God had wrought;
Great joy to us his work hath brought.
As southern streams when filled with rain,
Lord, turn our captive state again.

3 Who sow in tears with joy shall reap;
Though bearing precious seed they weep
While going forth, yet shall they sing,
When coming back their sheaves they bring.

Mount Vernon.

PSALM CXXX. 8s and 7s.

1 From the depths do I invoke thee,
O Jehovah, give an ear;
To my voice be thou attentive,
And my supplication hear.

2 Lord, if thou shouldst mark transgressions,
Who before thee, Lord, shall stand?
But with thee there is forgiveness,
That thy name may fear command.

3 For Jehovah I am waiting,
And my hope is in his word;
In his word of promise given,
Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.

4 For the Lord my soul is waiting,
More than watchers in the night,
More than they that watch for morning,
Watching for the morning light.

5 Israel, hope thou in Jehovah,
Mercies great are found with him;
He abounding in redemption,
Israel will from sins redeem.

Silver Street.

PSALM CXXXI. S. M.

1 My heart's not haughty, Lord,
Nor lofty is mine eye;
I meddle not in matters great—
In things for me too high.

2 I surely have composed
And soothed myself to rest—
Yea, even as a weaned child
Upon its mother's breast.

3 My soul is like a child
Wean'd and submissive grown;
O Israel, now and evermore
Trust in the Lord alone.

Greenville.

PSALM CXXXII. 8s and 7s.

1 Lord, remember thou, for David,
All his trouble and his care;
How he vowed to God of Jacob,
To the great Jehovah sware:

2 I my dwelling will not enter,
To my couch will not arise;
I'll not give my eyelids slumber,
Nor in sleep will close my eyes;

3 Till I find a place of dwelling,
Where the Lord may make abode;
Till I find a habitation,
Meet for Jacob's mighty God.

4 Lo, at Ephratah we heard it,
And of it we understood;
In the fields we also found it,
In the city of the wood.

5 Let us seek his courts and worship
At his footstool with delight:
Rise, O Lord, thy rest to enter;
Come, and bring thy ark of might.

6 Let thy priests be clothed with justice;
Let thy saints rejoicing make;
See the face of thy Anointed,
For thy servant David's sake.

7 God hath sworn in truth to David,
And his oath will not disown:
Of the children which I gave thee,
I will place upon thy throne.

8 If thy sons will keep my cov'nant,
And observe what I command,
On thy throne, forever sitting,
Shall their children rule the land:

9 For the Lord hath chosen Zion,
'T is the dwelling loved of God;
Here I 'll rest and dwell forever,
I delight in this abode.

10 Richly blessing her provision,
I will fill her poor with bread;
Clothe her priests with my salvation,
Make her saints exceeding glad.

11 There shall David's power flourish,
For my King a lamp's ordained;
I with shame his foes will cover,
And his crown shall be maintained.

Pilesgrove.

PSALM CXXXII. L. M.

1 O Lord, remember David now,
And think on all his weight of care;
How to the Lord he made his vow,
To Jacob's mighty God he sware:

2 I will not tread within my hall,
Nor on my bed will seek repose;
No sleep upon mine eyes shall fall,
Nor slumber shall mine eyelids close;

3 Until for Jacob's mighty Lord
I find a sure and fit abode;
Of it at Ephratah we heard,
We found it in the fields of wood.

4 Arise, O Lord, come to thy rest;
Thy footstool is our sacred shrine;
With robes of truth thy priests invest;
And shouts shall hail the Ark Divine.

5 For David, thine own servant's sake,
Turn not away Messiah's face;
And thou thy truth wilt never break—
The truth thus sworn to David's race:

6 "Upon thy throne thy seed shall reign;
And if their heart my covenant own—
And still my honored laws maintain—
Their seed shall hold an endless throne."

7 For high on Zion's hill above,
The Lord has fixed his dwelling bright;
This is the city of my love,
The chosen rest of my delight.

8 I'll bless her stores with large increase,
And plenteous bread her poor shall bring;
Her priests I'll clothe in robes of peace,
And songs of joy her saints shall sing.

9 There David's horn shall bud and grow,
Thence mine Anointed's light shall stream,
With utter shame I'll clothe his foes,
But bright his endless crown shall beam.

Missionary Hymn.

PSALM CXXXIII. 7s and 6s.

1 Behold how good and pleasant,
And how becoming well,
Where brethren all united,
In peace together dwell.

2 'T is like the precious ointment
That on the head did flow,
Which down the beard of Aaron,
Did o'er his vesture go.

3 Like dews which on Mount Hermon
And Sion hills descend;
There God commands the blessing,
Life that shall never end.

Pilesgrove.

PSALM CXXXIV. L. M.

1 Lo, ye that serve the Lord of light,
Within his temple night by night,
While thus you keep your faithful ward,
Lift up your hands and bless the Lord.

2 The Lord, who made the heavens on high,
The sun, the moon, the starry sky;
And spread below the earth and sea,
From Zion, blessings send on thee.

Happy Day.

PSALM CXXXVI. L. M.

1 Oh, thank the Lord, the Lord of love;
Oh, thank the God, all gods above.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

2 Oh, thank the mighty King of kings;
His arm alone great wonders brings.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

3 Whose wisdom gave the heavens their birth,
And on the waters spread the earth.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

4 Who taught yon glorious lights their way,
The radiant sun to rule the day.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

5 The moon to rule the silent night,
The stars to pour their milder light.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

6 Who smote the Egyptian's stubborn pride,
When in an hour their first-born died.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

7 But led his Israel from their land,
With outstretched arm and conquering hand.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

8 Whose hand the Red Sea's waters clave,
And guided Israel through the wave.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

9 But buried Pharaoh and his bands,
And led his flock o'er desert sands.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

10 Who smote proud monarchs in their might,
And warlike princes slew in fight.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

11 Sihon, the king of Heshbon's towers,
And Og, the lord of Bashan's powers.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

12 And for inheritance their land
He gave to Israel's chosen band.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

13 Who thought on us amidst our woes,
And snatched us from our conquering foes.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

14 Who daily feeds each living thing;
Oh, thank the heaven's Almighty King.
His mercy flows a boundless stream,
Through all eternity the same.

Ward.

PSALM CXXXVII. L. M.

1 By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
For memory still to Zion clung;
The winds alone our harp-strings swept,
That on the drooping willows hung.

2 There our rude captors, flushed with pride,
A song required to mock our wrongs;
Our spoilers called for mirth, and cried,
"Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."

3 Oh, how the Lord's song shall we sing;
How touch our harps with trembling hand!
Oh, no! we have not voice nor string,
For such a song in this strange land.

4 Jerusalem, God's holy hill,
If I of thee forgetful prove,
Let my right hand forget its skill
With grace the harp's sweet strings to move.

5 If I do not remember thee,
Let my parched tongue its utterance cease;
If my chief joy be dear to me
Beyond Jerusalem's joy and peace.

6 Remember, Lord, how Edom's crowd,
Glad in Jerusalem's day of woe,
Urged on the victor, shouting loud,
"Down with her walls, o'erthrow, o'erthrow!"

7 O Babel's daughter, God's decree
Dooms thee to wrath, a wretched prey;
And blest shall that avenger be
Who shall to thee our wrongs repay.

8 Yea, truly, shall that man be blest,
And with triumphal honor crowned,
Who rends thy children from the breast,
To dash them bleeding to the ground.

Andre.

PSALM CXXXVIII. L. M.

1 With all my heart I'll praise thy name,
Before the gods thy praise proclaim;
I'll worship in thy holy place,
And praise thee for thy truth and grace.

2 For thou o'er all thy name, O Lord,
Hast magnified thy faithful word;
Thou didst me answer when I cried,
Thou hast my soul with strength supplied.

3 All kings of earth shall give thee praise,
When from thy mouth they learn thy ways;
They in thy righteous ways shall sing,
For great in glory is our King.

4 The Lord, though high, respects the low;
But he the proud far off doth know;
Though waves of trouble round me roll,
Thou, Lord, wilt yet revive my soul.

5 My foes enraged, my way withstand;
Against them thou wilt stretch thy hand;
Thine own right hand shall set me free,
And perfect make thy work for me.

6 O Lord, thy mercy never ends,
Throughout all ages it extends;
Then on thy servant pity take,
Thine own hand's works do not forsake.

Windham.

PSALM CXLI. L. M.

1 O Lord, my God, to thee I cry;
Swift to my aid in mercy fly;
And when to thee my cries ascend,
In pity to my voice attend.

2 As fragrant incense on the air,
So mount to heaven my early prayer;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

3 Set, Lord, a watch my mouth before,
And of my lips keep thou the door;
Nor leave my sinful heart to stray
Where evil footsteps lead the way.

4 Let me not of the feast partake
Which wicked men delight to make ;
Let righteous men in mercy smite,
In their reproofs I'll take delight.

5 Let righteous lips my errors chide,
Like healing oil the accents glide :
If voice of faithful friend reprove,
Such smiting comes to me in love.

6 For them when they are in distress,
To God I will my prayer address ;
Their judges cast on rocky ground,
Then sweet to them my words shall sound.

7 Around the graves our bones are left,
As branches by the woodman cleft :
To thee, Lord God, I lift my eyes,
On thee my helpless soul relies.

8 Preserve me from the secret net,
The toils which impious hands have set;
In their own snares let sinners fall,
While I by grace escape them all.

Retreat.

PSALM CXLII. L. M.

1 To God my earnest voice I raise:
To God my voice imploring prays:
Before his face I pour my tears,
And tell my sorrow in his ears.

2 When griefs my fainting soul o'erflow,
Thou knowest, Lord, the way I go;
And all the toils that foes do lay
To snare thy servant in his way.

3 All unprotected, lo! I stand;
No friendly guardian at my hand;
No place of flight or refuge near;
And none to whom my soul is dear.

4 O Lord, my Saviour, now to thee,
Without a hope besides, I flee;
To thee, my shelter from the strife,
My portion in the land of life.

5 Then hear and heed my fervent cry;
For low with burdening griefs I lie;
Against my foes thy arm display,
For I am weak, but strong are they.

6 Redeem me from the captive chains,
That I may sing in grateful strains:
Then shall the righteous round me press,
For God shall me with favor bless.

Howard.

PSALM CXLIII. C. M.

1 Lord, hear my prayer, and to my cry
In faithfulness attend;
To me in righteousness reply,
A gracious answer send.

2 Nor at thy just tribunal call
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight, of mortals all
Shall none be justified.

3 For foes against my soul unite;
My life to dust they tread;
I dwell where darkness vails my sight,
As midst those long since dead.

4 My spirit overwhelmed with woes,
Within me sighs for rest;
And desolate, without repose,
My heart is sore oppressed.

5 Yet I recall the days of old,
Thy works of wonder trace;
Thy works which ages past unfold,
And muse upon thy grace,

6 And now, O Lord, my outstretched hands
Take hold on thee again;
For thee I long, as thirsty lands
For genial showers of rain.

7 Oh, hear me, Lord, nor more delay,
For griefs my life consume;
Nor hide thy face lest I decay,
Like those within the tomb.

8 When morning lights the opening skies,
Thy beams, O Lord, disclose;
And let thy loving kindness rise,
For there my hopes repose.

9 Teach me the way where I should go;
I lift my soul to thee;
Redeem me from the raging foe;
To thee, O Lord, I flee.

10 Because thou art my God, I pray;
Teach me to do thy will:
Oh, lead me in an even way,
By thy good Spirit still.

11 Revive me, Lord, for thy great name,
And for thy judgment's sake;
From all my woes, O Lord, reclaim,
My soul from trouble take.

12 In mercy bare thy mighty arm,
To crush my foes in shame;
Cut off, who work thy servant harm,
Devoted to thy name.

Temple.

PSALM CXLVI. L. M. 6 lines.

Praise the Lord!

1 Praise him, my soul! while I have breath,
Until my voice is lost in death,
His praise shall all my powers employ:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past;
While life and breath and being last,
My God I'll praise with songs of joy.

2 In princes great put not your trust,
Nor son of man who turns to dust;
Vain is the hope which there shall bloom;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts will vanish in an hour,
And all shall perish in the tomb.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Jacob's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their trains:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed; he feeds the poor;
And frees the captive from his chains.

4 The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
God loves the just; the poor sustains;
The widow and the orphan's stay;
God overturns the wicked's way:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns.

Migdol.

PSALM CXLVI. L. M.

1 Praise ye the Lord! my spirit praise
Thy God through all thy length of days;
I'll praise him with the breath he gives;
I'll praise him while my spirit lives.

2 Trust not the power of earthly kings,
Nor strength that man's vain succor brings;
His breath departs: he sinks to clay,
His thoughts shall perish in that day.

3 Oh blest the man whose hope for aid
On God, on Jacob's God is staid,
Who made the heaven, the earth and main,
And all their lengths and depths contain.

4 Whose truth forever stands secure,
Who saves the oppressed, and feeds the poor,
Who gives them bread with bounteous hand,
And breaks the captive's iron band.

5 The Lord unseals the sightless eyes,
And gives the weary strength to rise;
The Lord dispels the stranger's fears,
And guards the widow's lonely years.

6 The Lord maintains the orphan's cause,
And loves the man who loves his laws;
But those in paths of sin that stray,
The Lord shall overturn their way.

7 Jehovah shall his throne maintain,
And through eternity shall reign;
Thy God, O Zion, be adored
Through ev'ry age: praise ye the Lord.

Harwell.

PSALM CXLVI. 8s and 7s.

1 Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
O my soul, Jehovah praise;
While I live I'll praise Jehovah,
To my God sing all my days.

2 Put no trust in earthly princes,
Nor man's son, whose help is vain;
Soon his breath and thoughts forsake him,
Back to dust he turns again.

3 He that hath the God of Jacob
For his help, is truly blest;
He whose hope is in Jehovah,
And upon his God doth rest;

4 On the Lord who made the heaven,
Earth and sea, and all therein;
Who will keep his truth forever,
Rights of all oppressed maintain.

5 He gives food to those that hunger,
To the blind restoreth sight;
He gives freedom to the pris'ner,
Makes the bow'd to stand upright.

6 He the righteous loves, and safely
Keeps the stranger; he 's a stay
To the fatherless and widow,
But subverts the sinner's way.

7 Evermore Jehovah reigneth,
Through all ages he is King.
Even he, thy God, O Zion,
To Jehovah praises sing.

Romaine.

PSALM CXLVII. 7s and 6s.

1 Praise God! 't is good and pleasant,
And comely to adore:
Jehovah builds up Salem;
Her outcasts doth restore;

2 He heals the broken hearted,
He makes the wounded live:
The starry host he numbers,
And names to all doth give.

3 Jehovah is almighty,
All things his Spirit knows:
The Lord lifts up the lowly,
But sinners overthrows.

4 Give thanks, and praise Jehovah,
With harp, oh praise his name,
Who clouds the heaven with vapors,
And sends on earth the rain.

5 He clothes with grass the mountains,
And gives the beasts their food;
He hears the crying ravens,
And feeds their tender brood.

6 He in the steed delights not,
Nor speed of human feet,
But loves the saints who fear him,
And throng his mercy seat.

7 O Salem, praise Jehovah,
Thy God, O Zion, praise;
For he thy gates hath strengthened,
And blest thy sons with grace.

8 With peace he'll bless thy borders,
The finest wheat afford:
He sends forth his commandment,
And swiftly speeds his word.

9 Like wool the snow he giveth,
Spreads ice o'er all the land,
Hoar frost like ashes scatters,
Who can his cold withstand!

10 Then forth his word he sendeth,
He makes the wind to blow,
The frozen streams are melted,
Again the waters flow.

11 He shows his word to Jacob,
To Israel's seed alone;
His statutes and his judgments,
The heathen have not known.
Praise ye the Lord!

Martyn.

PSALM CXLVIII. 7s.

Praise ye the Lord!

1 Praise him from the heavens on high:
Praise him in the lofty sky:
Praise him all ye angels bright:
Praise him all his hosts of light:
Praise him sun and moon afar,
Praise him every radiant star.

2 Praise him all ye heavens high:
Waters, drifting through the sky!
Let them praise their Maker's name,
For he called them, and they came;
He has fixed their places fast;
His decree shall ever last.

3 Praise the Lord from earth below,
Monsters through the deep that go;
Fire, and cloud, and snow, and hail,
And the obedient, stormy gale;
Hills and lofty mountains all,
Fruitful trees and cedars tall.

4 Beasts, and cattle everywhere,
Creeping things and fowls of air,
Kings, and men of humble birth,
Princes, judges of the earth,
Youthful men, and virgins all,
Aged men, and children small.

5 Let them praise with one consent,
For his name is excellent;
Glorious he, o'er earth and sky,
He, his Israel raised on high.
Praise him, saints with one accord,
People near him, praise the Lord.

Greenville.

PSALM CXLVIII. 8s and 7s.

1 Hallelujah, praise Jehovah,
From the heavens praise his name;
Praise Jehovah in the highest,
All his angels praise proclaim.

2 All his hosts together praise him,
Sun and moon and stars on high;
Praise him, O ye heavens of heavens,
And ye floods above the sky.

3 Let them praises give Jehovah,
They were made at his command.
Them forever he established;
His decree shall ever stand.

4 From the earth, O praise Jehovah,
All ye floods, ye dragons all,
Fire, and hail, and snow, and vapors,
Stormy winds that hear his call.

5 All ye fruitful trees and cedars,
All ye hills and mountains high,
Creeping things, and beasts, and cattle,
Birds that in the heavens fly.

6 Kings of earth, and all ye people,
Princes great, earth's judges all;
Praise his name, young men and maidens,
Aged men, and children small.

7 Let them praises give Jehovah,
For his name alone is high,
And his glory is exalted
Far above the earth and sky.

8 He his people's power exalteth,
All his saints to praise accord;
Jacob's seed, a people near him.
Hallelujah. Praise the Lord.

Lyons.

PSALM CXLIX. 10s and 11s.

1 Oh! praise ye the Lord!
Prepare your glad voice,
New songs with his saints
Assembled to sing;
Before his Creator,
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion
Be glad in their King.

2 And let them his name
Extol in the dance,
With timbrel and harp
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

3 His saints shall sing loud
With glory and joy,
And rest undismay'd
With songs in the night;
The praise of Jehovah
Their lips shall employ;
A sword in their right hand,
Two-edg'd for the fight.

4 The heathen to judge,
Their pride to consume;
To fetter their kings,
Their princes to bind;
To execute on them
The long-decreed doom;
Such honor forever,
The holy shall find.
Hallelujah!

Bloomfield Chant.

PSALM CL. L. M.

1 O praise our Lord, where bright in grace
His presence lights his holy place;
Praise him in yon celestial arch,
Where holds his power its glorious march.

2 Oh praise him for his deeds of fame,
Oh praise the greatness of his name,
Oh praise him with the trumpet's sound,
With harp and psaltery answering round.

3 Praise him with lyre and timbrel sweet,
And measured tread of dancing feet;
And praise him with the notes that ring
From every harp of every string.

4 On cymbals loud, Jehovah praise;
On cymbals high, his glory raise;
Let all that breathe with glad accord
Lift up their voice, and praise the Lord.

THE following is the action of the General Assembly on this Version of the Psalms, and to this the attention of Presbyteries is directed:

Resolved, That the versions now approved by the Assembly, viz. all contained in the volume published by the Committee, be and hereby are overtured to the Presbyteries for their approval or rejection,

That the Presbyteries be, and hereby are, instructed as follows:

1. To act on this overture as early as possible, before the fifteenth day of September next, at furthest, and to call special meetings for the purpose.

2. To vote Ay or No, on each version of a Psalm now overtured.

3. To communicate their action without delay to the Moderator, specifying particularly their objections to the versions they may reject.

4. To report to the next Assembly.

That the Moderator be instructed to count the votes received by him, and transmit, on or before October 1, the result, together with the objections of the Presbyteries to rejected versions, to the Committee on the preparation of a new version.

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A METRICAL VERSION OF PSALMS,

IN VARIOUS MEASURES,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

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